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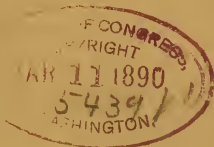
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GEMS

FROM THE POEMS OF

HATTIE M. CONREY

33



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1890

The Ministry of Jesus.

MY heart with its yearnings and longings
Was very sad that night,
I knew that beyond the shadows,
Brightly shone the light,
Yet Hope and Faith were drooping,
My cross seemed hard to bear,
I sank beneath my burden,
And sought relief in prayer.

I said unto the Master,
O, tender, pitiful One,
Behold me weak and sorrowful;
Like this Thy word doth run:
“As one whom his mother comforteth
So will I comfort thee.”
Behold me sick and suffering,
I pray Thee comfort me.

And it seemed as if in the gloaming,
A soft hand was laid on my hair,
And a strange, sweet, wonderful glory
Shone through the evening air.
It must have been His hand
That lay upon my head
In a tender benediction,
That bade me—"Be comforted."

It must have been His voice
That spake in the twilight dim
Such blessed consolation
That drew me near to Him.
Words in the old time spoken
By the same Heavenly Friend:
"Lo, I am with you alway,
Even unto the end."



Rain Drops.

A LITTLE hearts-ease hung its head,
And withered in the sun.

I thought its life would surely end
Before the day was done;

But summer clouds that floated by
Dispensed their gentle rain,
The drooping flower raised its head
And sweetly smiled again.

Into each life some rain must fall,"
Oh! may the shower prove
A blessing sent to cheer the heart,
A gift of life and love.

What though the storm-clouds oft are capped
With Sorrow's bitter tears,
And dreary days move slowly on
And seem to us like years?

“ Into each life some rain must fall,”

But storms will soon be past,
And rainbows bright will span the sky
Now darkly over-cast.

Within the gates of purest pearl,
No shade of night will come,
Then we will roam with angel bands,
And be with Christ at home.

Into *that* life no rain will fall,
For on that blissful shore
All tears are wiped, all sighs are hushed,
All clouds and storms are o'er.



Clinging.

I TOOK a little fragile shoot,
And planted it with care,
In a secluded garden plot,
With some exotics rare.

It grew, and put forth glossy leaves
Of richest, emerald green,
And was indeed the loveliest vine
That ever I had seen.

One day, alas ! the little pet
Was hanging down its head,
I thought its beauty had all gone,
And feared that it was dead.

I nursed it with the tenderest care,
And taught it how to cling
Its drooping tendrils gently round
A firmly fastened string.

Again it grew, and now 'tis strong,
And covers all the wall,
The winds oft toss it to and fro,
But still it does not fall.

Our brightest hopes are like a vine,
They cannot stand alone,
They have no merit in themselves,
No strength to call their own.

But if we twine them round the Cross,
That Rock of Ages blest,
They are secure, and never fail
To bring us calm and rest.



Jesus Only.

WHAT though fierce winds ever shifting
Wildly toss my fragile bark,
What though I seem surely drifting,
Unto shipwreck in the dark—
If I've Jesus, "Jesus only,"
I am anchored to a rock,
I've a cable strong and mighty,
That will stand severest shock.

What though clouds are hovering o'er me,
And I seem to walk alone—
Longing, 'mid my cares and crosses,
For the joys that now are flown—
If I've Jesus, "Jesus only,"
Then my sky will have a gem ;
He's a Sun of brightest splendor,
And the "Star of Bethlehem."

What though all my earthly journey
Bringeth naught but weary hours,
And, in grasping for life's roses,
Thorns, I find instead of flowers—
If I've Jesus, "Jesus only,"
I possess a cluster rare ;
He's the "Lily of the Valley,"
And the "Rose of Sharon," fair.

What though all my heart is yearning,
For the loved of long ago—
Bitter lessons sadly learning
From the shadowy page of woe—
If I've Jesus, "Jesus only,"
He'll be with me to the end ;
And, unseen by mortal vision,
Angel bands will o'er me bend.

What thou

Nearer to

And each for

Weaker grows with every breath—

If I've Jesus, "Jesus only,"

Then my pathway shall be bright,
I shall have a staff to lean on,

And at "even time" have light.

When I soar to realms of glory,

And an entrance I await,

If I whisper, "Jesus only!"

Wide will ope the pearly gate ;

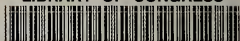
When I join the heavenly chorus,

And the angel hosts I see,

Precious Jesus, "Jesus only,"

Will my theme of rapture be.

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